

BIG SANDY NEWS.

Aut inveniam viam, aut faciam.

VOL. III. NO. 47.

M. F. CONLEY Publisher.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The Texas school fund has a surplus of \$10,000,000. The state were never so numerous in California as now.

PROF. HILLYER says Jersey is the chief State for insects.

Florida is shipping large quantities of peaches to market.

A liquor license in Telfair County, Georgia, costs \$5,000.

DAVE OBER, of White Oak, Ia., has had a bad pencil forty years.

It is estimated that the floods in Mexico have cost a loss of \$3,000,000.

A GUNNAR New York has given away about \$5,000 campaign buttons.

The Prince of Naples, son of King Humbert, is a superior photographer.

NELLINE GRANT's husband is very rich now through his brother's death.

New York's population is now estimated at 1,670,000 from directory statistics.

The negroes of Georgia are said to own more than \$12,000,000 worth of property.

EX-GOVERNOR W. M. SPRAGUE, of Rhode Island, is chief of police at Narragansett Pier.

The Commissioner of Agriculture has ordered 450,000 copies of his Annual Report printed.

An attempt has been made to have the historic gallows tree on Ileupetated Heath cut down.

Many of the interior towns of Oregon are raising money to import song birds from Germany.

The pin factories of England, France, Holland and Germany are said to turn out 17,000,000 pins daily.

A Florida planter has contracted to furnish a New York dealer with 1,000,000 cabbages during the season.

It is predicted that eypress wood from the South will largely be used in Northern buildings in a few years.

BURLINGTON, N. J., proudly claims more widows to the square yard than any other city in the United States.

J. H. BULCH, aged twenty-two years, has just died at Fairfield, S. C., of hydrocephalus, caused by a cat scratch.

CHICAGO in the fifth Scandinavian city in the world, and Minneapolis, with a population of 150,000, the sixth.

FARMERS of Oregon are moving to secure legislation in State and national councils to promote the interests of farmers.

THE DOWAGER EMPRESS Victoria, of Germany, will receive for sons monastic in England with her mother, Queen Victoria.

A CLAM digger at Bellington, Ct., has just found a pearl worth seventy-five dollars in one of the clams of a late haul.

A GLASGOW firm has just finished a brass wire for the Glasgow exhibition sixty-five miles long and a copper wire 111 miles long.

PENNSYLVANIA, Pa., has a stalk of corn ten feet high, and which contains seven well developed shoots, six of which have just out.

An insect known as the wire worm is playing sad havoc with the corn at Mexico, Mo. One farmer has lost forty acres by this pest.

The whole value of fences in the United States may be set down at \$2,000,000,000, and it costs \$100,000,000 annually to keep them in repair.

THE WIDOW of President Tyler is in Washington. She has a son, Dr. Lachlan Tyler, who is one of the rising young doctors of that city.

GRAND HARBOR, Mich., is the great furniture making center of the United States. It has forty-two furniture factories, which employ 12,000 men.

DR. GUTH, a French astronomer, has furnished names for 2,000 stars. He has been twenty years about it, but he was determined not to let one escape.

Since the opening of the new artesian wells in the Desert of Sahara, a large increase in the number of palm and other fruit trees has taken place.

AN OFFICIAL report on the cholera epidemic, which raged in Japan two years ago states that there were 155,074 cases of the disease, of which 110,000 died.

A FEATURE of General Harrison's countenance which does not appear in his photograph is a large mole on his right cheek, at the side, just under the eye.

SEVEN Presidential candidates this year are not enough, it appears, to satisfy every body. The American party is getting ready to hold a National Convention.

THE DEAD letter office received 4,884,000 letters last year, for about a third of which owners were discovered. Money to the value of \$1,700,740 was found in 17,585 letters.

The increase of population in Australia last year was only 3.4 per cent, which is by no means as large as England would like to see it. The total population is 3,610,000.

OFFICIAL reports of Russian crops are favorable, and indicate a yield above the average. Crop reports from India make an unfavorable showing, owing to severe droughts.

SMALL amounts of the old postal currency continue to be offered for redemption at the New York Sub-Treasury. The amount still unredeemed is \$15,000,000, but most of it is doubtless worn out or destroyed.

SHIP building is in a state of great activity in England. It is said that 302 British steamers are now being built, with a total of \$30,000,000 tons, and that last year 217 boats of 374,000 tons were constructed.

SHIPS now show a total of 2,815,000 tons packed in the West since March 1, against 2,255,000 a year ago. The quality of hops handled by packers is well maintained, and compares well with other years.

THE EGYPTIAN petroleum explorations on the Red Sea coast have some time ago been given up. It is said the Government spent in the neighborhood of \$750,000, but most of it is doubtless worn out or destroyed.

COKE fourteen years old was cashed the other day at an Allentown, Pa., bank. The holder said that it had been all that time in the forgotten pocket of an untried.

ABOUT 5,000,000 sponges per year are taken from the sea around the Bahamas. Their value is \$250,000. Twenty-foot poles with hooks on the end are used to pull the sponges from the rocks.

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Democratic Ticket.



For President,
GROVER CLEVELAND,
OF NEW YORK.

For Vice President,
A. G. THURMAN,
OF OHIO.

For Sheriff,
A. L. SHANNON.

For Commissioner,
JAS. W. SHANNON.

THURSDAY, JULY 19th, 1888.

Congressman Taubee and wife are seriously ill.

Dom Pedro is well again and will return to his empire next month.

The tariff bill will probably be disposed of in the House next week.

Italians are said to be coming to this country at the rate of \$8,000 a year.

Congressman Samuel J. Randall has been dangerously ill, but is now improving.

Recent floods in Pennsylvania and West Virginia caused losses to the extent of \$3,000,000.

The Convention to nominate a Democratic candidate for Congress in this District will be held at Mayville on August 21st.

A vote was taken Monday in the House on the free wool clause of the Mills bill, which resulted in its adoption, by a good majority.

The Governor of Missouri has granted a respite of three weeks to Maxwell, the trunk murderer, but refused to commute the death sentence.

One of Edison's phonographs, now on the way back to this country, will contain the tones of Gladstone, a song by Patti and a speech by Balfour.

The Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee will discourage any scheme by which Department clerks may be forced to contribute to campaign funds.

Thurman, Carlisle, Cox, Dougherty and Henry George will speak for the Democracy in Indiana, while Elaine, Sherman, Allison and other prominent Republicans will stump the State for their party.

A resolution was offered in the House last week reciting that the present immigration into the United States is excessive, artificial and injurious, and asserting that the law prohibiting the importation of contract labor is being evaded.

Chauncey Depew is in London and has been talking of the political situation in the United States. Of course he expresses a belief that the Republicans will win, but says that he does not feel certain about it. He says he fears Mrs. Cleveland's popularity and Grover's "luck" more than he does Mr. Cleveland's popularity.

One of the most attractive pictures of Cleveland and Thurman which we have seen has been sent us. The size is 22x28 inches, and in addition to fine portraits of the nominees, there is also the platform in full, and portraits of Washington, Jefferson and Jackson. The whole is encircled by a wreath in which are stars containing the number of electoral votes of each State. The arrangement is forcible and attractive. The price is only fifty cents, and for the benefit of those who may desire to procure them we give the address of the dealers: Seigel, Cooper & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Speaker Carlisle says that the progress which is being made on the Mills Bill is very gratifying to the friends of that measure.

A Wisconsin Congressman failed, last week, to get a duly placed nomination. With good Democratic roasters, the hens of this country have no fear of the pauper competition of Europe.—*Courier Journal*.

Dr. Donald C. Hood has collected many facts relating to the use of salicylic acid for rheumatism. Of 228 patients treated with salicylates, 528 were relieved of their pains within seven days; whereas, of 612 patients treated by other methods, only 140 were relieved in the same time.—*Scientific American*.

Albany Argus: Defending the free whisky plank of the Republican platform, the Chicago Inter-Ocean argues that the cause of temperance has never been advanced by the internal revenue tax. Mr. Blaine wrote on the subject: "The tax on whisky by the Federal Government, with its suppression of an illicit distillation and consequent enhancement of price, has been a powerful agent in the temperance reform." As the pride of a Prohibition State, Mr. Blaine should be given authority.

Why Not Make It Certain?

If protection as it is preached by its advocates is meant to reach the laboring men, why not make it certain to do so?

The enormous protective levy on steel rails has made it impossible for foreign manufacturers to compete with Mr. Carnegie in their manufacture, and the result has been that that thrifty person has

through that protection been enabled to evolve himself from a penniless emigrant to a thirty-millionaire in twenty years.

His protection was a certainty, because whenever competition brings down prices to a non-paying or losing point,

first wages are reduced and finally

Mr. Carnegie's mills stop and the laborers are discharged, and he

goes to live in the faraway Highlands, enjoying his millions with his patron, friend and political ideal, Blaine, leaving his laborers where? How? If in the interest

of the manufacturer this may be

done, why could not and should it not be enacted that the laborer

should have a fixed rate of pay as

one of the factors in the business.

This is not, never has been and

cannot be done—capital only is or

can be protected.

Let any party attempt to make any employment certain in its yield of a fixed wage, profit of money yield, and in that attempt will the fallacy of the protection principle be shown and its advocates proven frauds.

Let the protectionists who seek to hood-wink and mislead the laboring man with seductive campaign catch phrases be met with a demand for protection for labor that will protect, not that sleepeth which enables capital to employ labor at free trade rates, while it sells its products at protection prices, pocket the difference while it pays and stops business without notice to or provision or care for labor when it does not pay.

Why not make protection to labor certain, and upon that basis let capital seek investment?

If this can be done, why should it not be? If it can not be done, then is no protection that does not protect a fallacy in theory, a fraud in fact.—N. Y. Advertiser.

What it Means. [New York World.]

A freer trade means cheaper manufactures. Cheaper manufacturers mean a wider market, which means more work. More work means a greater demand for labor, and therefore higher wages. Higher wages mean better times for American workingmen.

This is the chain of logical sequences drawn from the Democratic policy. The United States is the only nation in the world that maintains a high tariff on the raw materials of manufacture. And the United States is the only large manufacturing country that has not increased the proportion of manufactured products in its exports during the past twenty-five years.

The effect of this absurd war tariff

has been to glut the home

market with inferior goods and to

close the markets of the world to our finished products. It is this policy of over stimulation and handicapping that has made the past twenty years a period of brief

booms, alternating with long seasons of stagnation, bankruptcy, strikes, lock-outs and losses.

The Democratic policy means a more normal condition of business and better times for everybody.

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UNRIVALLED DISPLAY.

Commemorating the Achievements of a Century.

Cincinnati is a busy place just now, and will be for one hundred days and nights from the Fourth of July. The occasion is the inauguration of her monster public library in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the Northwest Territory. The Exposition is not of mere local significance. A dozen States are officially connected with it, and have separate displays, and the General Government has contributed the magnificent collection of curiosities and objects of interest which belong to the Smithsonian Institute and Fish Commission at Washington. The attractions are of a high order of merit, embracing Art and Gallery made up of some of the finest masterpieces in both this and the old country, the aggregate value of which is over a million dollars; buildings both permanent and temporary, covering forty-three acres of ground, all under one continuous roof, and with nearly a million square feet of exhibiting space; an electrical display of unexampled magnificence and brilliancy; a machinery exhibit covering acres of ground; Pioneer, Agricultural and Horticultural Halls, and an entertainment hall in which will be given spectacular and operatic performances of the best talent of two hemispheres. Everything is, in fact, on the most liberal scale, and visitors can visit the show on excursion rates from all points.

The fitting up of coast defense guns with devices for finding positions is now being agitated in England. The cost is estimated to be about \$250 a gun. By means of this invention, an officer located in any prominent position is able to strike a ship which may be invisible from the battery itself. Major Watkin's "position finder" has been adopted by the British government, and he has received an award of \$125,000 for the invention, and is also to be paid a royalty of \$5,000 a year for the next ten years.—*Scientific American*.

Ex-Mayor Low Bolts.

Seth Lew, late Republican Mayor of Brooklyn, repudiates the tariff plank in the Chicago platform and withdraws from the Republican organization.

The tariff issue, he says, is the chosen battleground of the two parties, and he prefers to stand on the Democratic side. He says:

"I believe, as Garfield did, in a protection which leads us towards free trade. The declaration of the Chicago platform is for a protection which works away from free trade. The chief line of changes in the present tariff to which the party commits itself is to increase duties where any articles made at home are still imported. This, it seems to me, is entirely new ground for the Republican party; but, whether it is or not, the policy outlined in the platform is one in which I do not believe and on behalf of which I can make no fight. I do not desire to claim the privilege of party fellowship when I am unable to support the party on the leading issue of the moment."

The New York daily Herald, in a recent issue under the caption "Plain Words to the Democratic Leaders," makes the following sensible remarks:

"The leaders of the Democratic party have a little over four months between now and the election day in which to enlighten and convince the mass of the voters of the country upon the sole issue between the two parties. They are fortunate in having that issue clearly defined, not only in their own platform, but in that of the Republicans.

"The Republicans are not going to be idle. They don't like being 'out in the cold,' and will leave no stone unturned, no effort unmade to carry the election. If the Democrats want to win they must, from now to election day, rain broadsides and tracts on tariff reform upon all parts of the country; they must make sound principles and policies agreeable to every workingman in the land; they ought to plaster every fence in the country with tariff facts and figures; start a reform club in every township and in every factory and workshop."

That is the only road to victory in November and there is no time to lose in making a beginning.

There is nothing more neglected by the Democracy as a party than its campaign literature, and this neglect is most apparent in the party's neglect of its local press.

No influence is so great in plating every fence with tariff facts and figures in any county as its local party newspaper, and neglect to support that is a sure evidence of apathy and lack of loyal party spirit.

SAYD H. L. LOW BOLTS.
REPLICA OF THE CINCINNATI EXHIBITION OF THE OHIO VALLEY.

Mr. D. L. Wilson, of the *Carey*, says he was, for many years, highly affected with Tuberculosis, also Diabetes; the pains were almost insufferable and would continue as long as he was upright in a chair. He tried Electric Baths and got relief from first bottle, and after taking six bottles entirely cured, and gained in flesh eighteen pounds. Says he positively believes he would have died had not his physician afforded him the Electric Baths. Sold at 50 cents bottle by G. T. Ross.

THE HORRID WGE.
[Church News, Washington.]

The horrid woe that swept over the country recently was indeed exceedingly uncomfortable. But, compared with certain seasons of excessive heat in our forefathers' days, as recorded in history, it is a mere bagatelle. In 1803 it is said that the Rhine, the Seine and the Loire ran dry, and the misery endured for lack of water all through Europe was indescribable. In 1703 the heat in France was so terrible that nothing human could venture out in the sun between noon and 5 p. m. Again in 1778 the people had to take refuge under ground; shops were closed, and many cities almost entirely deserted, the inhabitants flying to the woods and hills to avoid the burning, stifling atmosphere of the towns. In 1793 it is related that the intolerable heat dried up the fruit on the trees, and cracked and split up the woodwork in houses. So our present high temperature is really nothing to what our tough ancestors were called upon to endure.

Don't be afraid to write to me in case you are in danger.

Do not permit any dealer to impress you with so cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery or Elixer, coughs and colds, but see if you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but rely upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all throat, lung and chest affections.

Yard bottles free. G. T. Ross, drug-store.

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Do not permit any dealer to impress you with so cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery or Elixer, coughs and colds, but see if you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but rely upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all throat, lung and chest affections.

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NEWSPAPER LAWS.
Any person who takes the power regularly from the *constitution*, whether directed by his name or whatever he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the paper. The *constitution* is the only newspaper in the country that has no *advertisers* and periodicals from the *postoffice*, or *remained* having them sealed for, is printed in *newspapers* of *territorial* *power*.

MY NEPHEW.

A darling little boy, he!
Just mark his mimic majesties!
With antic gait, the 'o'er,
He rules the realm domestic.

He sits serene, a little king;
His tyranny is fit;
His little feet his sceptre is,
And we obey him.

He says no word, but looks so sage,
The wisest are his debitors;
And O the eye he has for Art!
And such a taste for letters!

So broad and catholic his mind,
He makes no narrow strictures;
But tackles kindly to all sorts
Of Bibles, books and pictures.

A sense of humor, too, he has;
'Tis fine to see the fun shine
From out those big blue eyes. O he's
A blessed bit of sunshine!

Most captious critto' you be,
You can't suggest correction;
You're a jester, he's a King;
And absolute perfection.

A precious little parson—
Was ever such another!
Not on this earth, if you believe
His father and his mother.

As O he seems right royally
On whom I careless him.
And says, as plain as looks can say,
He loves his bumble, blithe him!

—Boston Globe.

BARBARA.

The Mischief She Unwittingly Did, and How It Was Remedied.

I know you would much rather I should take Barbara's sister Dot for my heroine, for Dot was tall and queenly and, of course, haughty as she was tall, and filled up quite a large space in society, in very opposition to her name, whereas Barbara was an elf of *play-boys* standing on this grim old foot-stool of ours, and was not one-quarter as big as the *play-boys* in the *play-boys* line. Her bright brown eyes, that looked out from under her yellow hair, ridiculous like Dot's peered from under his mane, and with orbs almost as big and sultry as himself. But then she is my heroine and you must needs make the best of her.

Dot was engaged, I am happy to say, to a perfect Apollo, but I'm sorry to admit that he treated said Apollo as if he were nothing more than a poor weak, emaciated, wretched, sickly, pale, scrawny, self to lecture the young man upon certain faults she took, as a matter of course, must be in his possession, being as he was, the only son of a very indolent pair of old folks.

But she was shaken to the very foundation of her royal being when one day she discovered that the last sentence of her excellent harangue had fallen upon thin air, and she had a confused sense of a pair of Indignant, sorrowful eyes looking their light to her heart, her as she was, a coquette, and after which were the *play-boys* almost like a *woodpecker* out of a house.

He was gone then.—"O, Scott; oh, Scott!"—which was no *sing at all*, but the late Apollo's christened name. Dot rose from her chair of state and carried her heart, bleeding and torn, up the front stairs to nail it with tears and cover it with the magnificence now half dress from Madame Hippolyte's—admirable handbag.

"What the matter, Dot?"—Barbara's eyes bad caught the gleam of something whining, liquid and pale, like upon the very face of another fan. "Youth crying!"

"I believe you would cry, too, Chickie; wouldn't you, if the Prince came and promised you nice things and then rushed off without saying any thing about them?"

"Wouldn't you?"

"Isn't Thoot going to take you to the ball?"

"It certainly looks that way. He wears off so easily with me!"

Dot had gravely wiped her eyes, uttering this solemn injunction: "Don't cry or worry one bit more about that. I will the about that matter myself!" unconsciously imitating *papa's* most impressive manner of speech.

They had always talked to her as if she could understand their mature reasoning—this sister and this paper—that she had come to have a *laudanum* little air of sage and wisdom, and a sense of all things brought within her ken.

Nine o'clock and no Scott—she was not comin'—and must she miss the glorious assembly hall because of *me* anger! Not she. Half-past nine; and Barbara soon awoke she would have noticed the quivering eyelids that tried so hard to keep the tear-drops prisoners. Quarter of ten—she gave up all hopes of Scott, and in ten minutes more papa was dressed and ready for a walk, and the sun was high in the heavens, when the *play-boys* had mounted the huge door-key and out in the sunlight the brown eyes doozyed with love.

"O, it's you!"

"Yes, Chickie, of course it is. Is—is—Dot ready?"

Now, I've always been amazed at the little big—*big*—children can tell on the slightest provocation. I have even gone so far as to entreat some odd ideas on the subject of the utter lack of conscience in the world of childhood, and have been told that *you* really is a natural master of education, *you* are simple—with a dismal conviction that even cultivation does not always suffice. I have been astonished with what fertility the brains of infancy are possessed, inventing with ease uncalled for and unprecedented intrusions; and, as Miss Barbara was beyond the average, I am bound, is all truth, to say that she gravely sent the following little bit up into Scott's listening ears:

"Yeth, Dot! 'tis all ready and gone with you—*you* are to arrive to-morrow. I am almost dead; just go into the library please, Thoot, and I will not keep you waiting more than three minutes."

For Scott—a wrothy whirwind was gathering about his ears, as, all unconsciously, he obeyed the little maid. His quarrel—if so consider an affair could be called that—with his beloved had driven all thoughts of the ball from his head; and now to come and find her off and away with her parental relative, and to realize that she had a very good case to make, was beyond the world of his seeming carelessness—and made him blind to the simple outlandish scheme of the little sister, and to be glad that he was the object of even a thought.

Barbara rushed off wild with excitement; and, reaching her own room again, she, like a human *Katy-did*, jumped upon the low, wide dresser, tore each little curl paper from its resting place upon her pretty round head, and began to comb the crimped, wavy knots into lines of colorful golden fuzz.

Next, a diamond star was pinned conspicuously to one side of her cranium, a dancing-school dress was donned—a frock all glistening and pale pink shadows, and leaving it unfastened, she drew on her flared school cloak, a cloak a *sack* of purest Brussels into one of its capacious pockets, and ran down breathless to Scott.

Into the couch and off to the assembly rooms.

"Won't Dot think!" thought the little wreath. "One needn't be the old after all to go to a ball. I make a *thunderation*, I don't wonder!"

She was right. Scott left her at the door of the ladies' room in care of a nice old black "Auntie," who hooked her handingly into her lover's arm, and the filmy tracery about her waist with a real French touch, though her fingers were black as ink.

"How is de world oh won't did yo' either happen to come to dis ha'v grow'd-up ball; honey, chile?" looking at her admiringly, as she tried her steps before the long mirror.

"O, Dot th' here—my thither, you, under thand; and I just thought I'd come, too."

A burst of exquisite melody—Valse of Chevalier—resounded. Dot to the door to claim the little hand for a round.

"It's too bad, Thoot, but you are too tall!" looking at him from her lowly stand-point.

"Dot, get up, pleath; I can't copy that at all—won't you just write the name of th' th' for me?"

Poor Dot wrote neatly and prettily in her hand, and the *play-boys* words in the center of a cream-tinted sheet of paper:

"Come to me, darling, or die!"

"What a sentimental song!" said Dot, the obedient.

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